The Scourge of Rebellion,
William Duke of Cumberland.

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William Duke of Cumberland.

THE

BRITISH ANTIDOTE

TO

Caledonian Poiſon:

Conſiſting of the moſt humorous Satirical Political Prints, for the Year 1762.

Among which are ſeveral Shilling Prints.

1 The Triple Compact
2 Political See-Saw
3 A wonderful Sight
4 Political Puzzle
5 Jack Boot kick'd down
6 Lion entranc'd
7 The Kitchen
8 Who'll take a Peep
9 Laird of the Poſts
10 Loaded Boot
11 The Higheſt Poſt
12 The Triple Poſt
13 John Bull's Houſe in Flames
14 The Loaded Zebra
15 Political Crammers
16 The Buteſier
17 Voyage to Moneyland
18 Arrival there
19 Windſor Minuet
20 State Quack
21 Boot exalted
22 John Bull and Siſter Peg
23 Teat, or true Contraſt
24 Flying Machine
25 Blockhead and Boot.

Still ſhalt thou blundering rule Britannia's *Fate,*
Tho' Grubſtreet hail thee Miniſter of State. WHITEHEAD.

The FIFTH EDITION.

To which are now added, a moſt humorous Character of the Kingdom and People of *Scotland*; all the beſt Political Songs; and ſeveral other Publications: So as to render the whole compleatly entertaining.

Sold at Mr. SUMPTER's, Bookſeller in *Fleet-ſtreet*, and Mr. HARVEST, Printſeller in *Heming's-Row St. Martin's-Lane*,

[Price Two Shillings and Six Pence.]

IN Juſtice to the Publick, I beg leave to caution them againſt a baſe Copy of this Book, ſtuffed full of loaded and blinded Lions; in which the ſame Poverty of Invention is wire-drawn from Beginning to End.—It is neceſſary to obſerve, that no other name but the well-known one of *M. Darly* could, with any Propriety, be put to ſo matchleſs a Piece of impudent Impoſition. I think it needleſs to ſay any Thing more to diſcourage the Sale of that Book, than that the Vileneſs of the Engravings renders the Subjects unintelligible.—I always keep one of thoſe Books to compare with mine, and leave to the diſcerning Publick which to prefer. Neither the Fallacy of Argument nor puffing Advertiſement can be equal to a Proof of this Kind. —It gives me great Pleaſure to embrace the Opportunity of returning Thanks to the Publick for their kind Encouragement of the other Editions, and hope the Additions to this will render it compleatly entertaining.

E. Sumpter.

A Character of SCOTLAND, *taken from a Pein of Glaſs in an Inn on the Northern Road.*

WHoe'er he is, deſires to ſee
A barren land, without a tree;
The rankeſt beggery and pride,
As cloſe as Nits and Lice ally'd;
Be poiſon'd when he eats and drinks,
Or flavour'd with all kinds of ſtinks:
Whoe'er would bite or would be bit,
Would get the itch, or be beſhit,
Let him to *Scotland* but repair,
He'll find all theſe perfections there.

A NEW SONG.

Sung in the Character of a Frenchman.

Tune—*Doodle, doodl', doo.*

SEE me juſt arrive from France-e:
All de vay from dere I dance e,
Vid my compliments I greet ye;
All de vile I mean to ſheat ye. *Doodle, &c.*

Doe my countrymen delight-a,
To make var, look big, and fight-a,
Yet ven Englis cannons tunder,
Den ve alvays do knock under. *Doodle, &c.*

Ven ve find our trade decreaſe-a,
Den ve vifely make de peace-a,
And for ſugar cane and candy.
Ve go give you barren land-y. *Doodle, &c.*

De Englis troops ſwear blood anouns-a!
Fright us all and take our towns-a,
And to end de diſmal farce-a,
Leave no rag to hide our a—ſe-a,
Doodle, &c.

Oh how hard vou'd been our lot-a,
If ve had not found one Scot-a,
Kind enough to help us all-a
Ven ve vere ſo much bemaul-a!
Doodle, &c.

He, good friend, ven all was loſt a,
And ve found dat, to our coſt-a,
Fortune had us quite forſaken;
He give all dat P—tt had taken.
Doodle, &c.

France ſuch favours von't forget-a
Vile her poverty vont let her;
But a var ve can maintain-a
Ven ve've got all back again-a
Doodle, &c.

In deſe names I much delight-a
Tory, Scot, and Jacobite-a;
Now to deſe pray join two oder;
Say he's my ally and broder.
Doodle, &c.

Friend and favourite of France-a,
Ev'ry day may you advance-a,
And ven dead by tomb be writ on,
"Here lies von whom all may ſh—t on,"
Oh, the Great, the Great North Briton!
Doodle, &c.

Hail

HAIL Scotland, hail, to thee belong
All pow'rs, but moſt the pow'rs of Song;
Whether the rude unpoliſh'd *Erſe*
Stalk in the buckram *Proſe* or *Verſe*,
Or bonny Ramsay pleaſe thee *mo*,
Who *ſang ſae* ſweetly *aw* his woe.
If ought (and ſay who knows ſo well)
The ſecond-ſighted Muſe can tell,
The happy Lairds ſhall laugh and ſing,
When England's Genius droops his wing,
So ſhall thy ſoil new wealth diſcloſe,
So thy own Thistle choak the Rose.

But what comes here? Methinks I ſee
A *walking* Univerſity.
See how they preſs to croſs the Tweed,
And ſtrain their Limbs with eager ſpeed!
While Scotland from her *fertile* ſhore,
Cries, On my Sons, return no more.

Hither they haſte with willing mind,
Nor caſt one *longing* look behind;
On *ten-toe* Carriage to ſalute,
The K—g, and Q——n, and Earl of B—t.

No more the gallant *Northern* Sons
Spout forth their ſtrings of *Latin* puns;
Nor *courſe* all languages to frame,
The Quibble ſuited to their name:

As when their Anceſtors *be-verſ'd*,
That *glorious* STUART, JAMES the FIRST,
But with that Elocution's GRACE,
That oriental flaſhy *Lace*,
Which the fam'd *Iriſh* TOMMY PUFF,
Would ſow on ſentimental *Stuff*;
Twang with a ſweet pronunciation,
The flow'rs of bold Imagination.
MACPHERSON leads the flaming Van,
LAIRD of the *new* Fingalian Clan;
While JACKY HOME brings up the rear,
With new-got penſion, neat and clear
Three hundred *Engliſh* pounds a year,
While ſiſter PEG, our *ancient friend*,
Sends MAC's and DONALD's without end:
To GEORGE a while they tune their lays,
Then all their choral voices raiſe,
To heap their panegyric Wit on
Th' illuſtrious chief, and our NORTH BRITON.

Hail to the THANE, whoſe *patriot* ſkill,
Can break all nations to his Will;
Maſter of Sciences and Arts,
MACÆNAS to all Men of Parts;
Whoſe ſoft'ring hand and ready Wit,
Shall find *us* all in places fit;
So ſhall thy friends no longer roam,
But change to meet a ſettled Home.
Hail mighty THANE, for SCOTLAND born,
To fill her almoſt empty Horn:
Hail to thy antient glorious *Stem*,
NOT THEY *from Kings*, BUT KINGS FROM THEM.

A DREAM.

WHEN *favourites* their parties make
To play the royal game of goose,
Tho' *they* ſhould anſwer each miſtake,
Their maſter hardly 'ſcapes abuſe;
And thoſe who hold unworthy honour,
Though grac'd themſelves, diſgrac'd the donor.

A mile or rather more from town,
There liv'd a *Squire* of peerleſs rank;
Tir'd of my walk, I laid me down,
And fell aſleep upon a bank.
It wou'd a crime in fancy ſeem,
If poets ſlept without a dream.

A *lily* held the regal power,
(*Good folks*, I've had a precious dance,
To find the ſame imperial flower,
You ſee it in the arms of France,
This *Fleur de lys* was brave and young,
The darling theme of every tongue.

When (*from I know not what affection*)
The *Thiſtle* grew in favour great,
Had the king's ear, and whole direction
Of all the officers of ſtate.
Fir'd with the fame of his renown,
Brier and *bramble* came to town,

And at the court on public days,
'Twas difficult to get along,
So doubly lin'd were all the ways,
With this fame *ſcrubby*, *prickly* throng.
FAMINE, you know, with hollow eye,
Can't bear that PLENTY ſhou'd be by.

And our new miniſter of ſtate,
Reſolv'd to triumph o'er his foes:
The *Thorn* and he were wond'rous great,
But he cou'd not abide the *Roſe*.
Pleas'd with the new-got-toy of pow'r,
He turn'd out this, and t'other flow'r.

Baniſh'd the *Laurel* with diſgrace,
And what made many people ſport,
To fill the *Laurel's* vacant place,
Came broad-leaf'd couſin *Dock* to court.
BARDANA then with ſant'ring pace
Came ſimp'ring up to thank his GRACE.

When a dam'd fly upon my noſe,
Which ſurely ow'd me no good will,
Wak'd me at once, and as I roſe,
Whom ſhou'd I ſee but DOCTOR HILL,

Kenſington.

A

A VISION.

ONE Night as on my Bed I laid,
This ſimple Dream came in my Head;
Methought a *Boot* of muckle Size
Before me roſe, or ſeem'd to riſe;
Upon a lofty Throne it ſtood,
And ſeem'd to vie with Fleſh and Blood.
But ah! the People of the nation
Rail'd at his ſudden Exaltation,
And vow'd they'd have his *Bootſhip* down,
Before his Pride aſſum'd a Crown.
With that, a Wight, call'd *Engliſh* WILL,
Step'd up, and ſwore by Good and Ill,
He'd ſee the People ſatisfy'd,
And humble *Sawney*'s muckle Pride.
So ſaid, he lifted up his leg,
And, ere a Man could eat an Egg,
With ample Kick the mighty Boot
Came tumbling down, without Diſpute,
This put me into ſuch a Laughter,
That faith I ſcarce could hold my Water;
And waking in an odd Confuſion,
I found, alas, 'twas all Illuſion!
But wiſh'd, in vain, it had been true,
And all the Land muſt wiſh ſo too.

THE

PEACE-SOUP-MAKERS.

Or, a New Mess at the *Bedford*-Head.

Addressed to the People of ENGLAND.

I.

OF late we have heard of a Laird in high Station,
Determin'd to give an odd Treat to the Nation;
A Mess of *Peace Soup*, he has order'd, 'tis said,
To be cook'd in a Trice at the Old *Bedford-Head*.
Sing Tantararara Cooks all, Cooks all.
Sing Tantararara Cooks all.

II.

The Cooks all attended his Call.—you may guess,
When puzzling their Brains, how to cook up the Mess;
Each politic Noddle reflected and reason'd,
That the People wou'd certainly like it *well-season'd.*
Sing Tantararara Cooks all, Cooks all.
Sing Tantararara Cooks all.

III.

III.

But my *Laird of the Boot*, us'd to Oatmeal and Water,
To Crowdy and Gruel—knew nought of the Matter,
Moſt ſtrongly advis'd 'em with frugal Pretence,
To leave out the *Seas'ning* and ſave the Expence.
Sing Tantararara, &c.

IV.

If this is the Caſe then, how *Britons* will look!
Turn ſick at the Porridge, and rail at the Cook;
For who but a *Scotſman* cou'd reliſh ſuch Stuff?
So prithee, *My Laird*—make it ſeaſon'd enough.
Sing Tantararara, &c.

V.

If the true *Attic Salt* ſhou'd be wanting, I fear
The *French* will rejoice, and the *Hollanders* ſneer:
Poor *England* dejected wou'd ſink down her Head,
And *Scotſmen* grow fat on the *Engliſhmen* Bread.
Sing Tantararara, &c.

VI.

Then rouſe Hearts of Oak!—from your Lethargy riſe?
'Tis Time, my good Friends, you ſhou'd open your Eyes;
You have fought—you have conquer'd—your Honour increaſe,
Nor ſuffer your Fame to be foil'd with a P—e.
Sing Tantararara, &c.

No

VII.

No longer let Bunglers in Cook'ry pretend,
To poiſon your taſtes for their own private Ends:
Inſipid Soup Meagre, or Crowdy, or Sallad,
Are not ſtrong enough for an *Engliſhman*'s Palate.
Sing Tantararara, &c.

VIII.

Let your Soup, if you have it, be laſting and ſtrong,
To ſtick to the Ribs of the Old and the Young:
High ſeaſon'd and rich, it will add to your Vigour,
And give you freſh Courage to draw Sword or Trigger.
Sing Tantararara, &c.

IX.

Then 'bate not a Grain of your *Seaſ'ning* at leaſt,
Your Spirit maintain ere your Power's decreas'd:
To be gull'd of your Glory, ne'er let it be ſaid,
But down with the *Boot* and the Old *Bedford Head*.
Sing Tantararara Cooks all, Cooks all.
Sing Tantararara Cooks all.

ENGLAND's SCOTCH FRIEND.

By Sawney M‘ Stuart.

Tune, *When mighty Roaſt Beef*, &c.

NOW Peace it is finiſh'd, it ſurely doth tend,
To make us ſuppoſe that the War's at an end;
And that *England* hath found in a *Scot* a true Friend.
Oh the Scotch *Friend of* Old England,
And Oh Old England's Scotch *Friend.*

And if we're allow'd to go on with Suppoſes,
We ſhall ſleep in whole Skins, and eſcape bloody Noſes;
So ſafe is the Peace, that no *Scot* ere oppoſes.
Oh the, &c.

Henceforth then let ev'ry Reviler be mute,
And revere his Preſerver in Bonny John Boot,
Or a Jail, Fine, and Pill'ry, won't fail to confute.
Oh the, &c.

And when our Succeſſes had ruin'd our Trade,
And our Foes, by their Loſſes, their Fortune had made,
How timely did Jockey bring Peace to our Aid!
Oh the, &c.

Then Silence, ye Brawlers, no longer diſpute,
Nor think with dull Reaſoning a Scot to refute,
But unite to curſe PITT, and to bleſs JOHNNY BOOT.
Oh the, &c.

Bagſhot-Heath.

OR,

The MODERN DUEL.

The King of France *and Forty Thouſand Men,*
Went up a Hill, and ſo came down again.

Tune, Chevy-Chaſe.

I.

GOD proſper long our noble King,
Our P—rs and C———s all!
A woeful DUEL late there did,
On *Bagſhot-Heath* befal.

'Squire *Witful* was a Member good;
(As all the World allows)
Lord *Edifice*, a noble P—,
And of the *upper Houſe*.

III.

III.

Now *Witful* well cou'd wield his *Pen*,
A Weapon dire, I trow!
Not *Pruſſia*'s Sword is half ſo keen,
As *Knaves* and *Coxcombs* know.

IV.

This *Pen* upon the P—— he drew,
As all who know him think,
Alas, what Miſchief may be done
With only *Pen* and *Ink*.

V.

Lord *Edifice*, at this incens'd,
Revenge and Murder ſwore;
Ye *Writers* hence remember this,
And ſquint at P—rs no more.

VI.

To *Bagſhot-Heath* theſe Heroes went,
With Blood and Veng'ance warm;
But prudent left their *Swords* at home——
For fear of doing Harm.

VII.

No—Piſtols, Piſtols! was the Cry;
So each took there a Brace;
Then *Back* to *Back* nine Yards they walk'd.
And then turn'd *Face* to *Face*.

VIII.

But *Pallas* thought ſuch gallant Men,
Were to this Land too dear;
And to prevent the Stroke of Fate,
Came down in Shape of *Fear*.

IX.

They ſtedfaſt on each other look'd,
But to fire did not dare;
So both ſhook Hands, and then let fly.
Their Piſtols in the Air.

X.

Convinc'd that each was brave and bold,
Each homeward bent his Way;
But never, never, let be told,
The Victor of the Day.

XI.

God proſper long our *King* and *Queen*,
Our *Commoners* and *Peers*;
And let all *Scribblers* ceaſe to ſet
The *Nation* by the Ears.

The Grumblers of *Great Britain.*

By a GRUMBLETONIAN.

Tune, *The Roaſt Beef of England.*

I.

GOOD People attend (if you can but ſpare time)
To a Grumbling Poet, who grumbles in Rhyme,
To ſit down in Silence—is now deem'd a Crime.
O the rum Grumblers of England!
And O the Old Engliſh Grumblers!

II.

When St——n miſcarry and Things go awry,
The Coffee-Houſe Grumblers their Rancour let fly.
And ſnarl, ſnap and worry—yet know not for why.
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

III.

Huckle Glee fills the Heart of brave *Sawney* the *Scot*,
Becauſe he has ſlily the upper Hand got.
The *Engliſhman* grumbles—becauſe he has not.
O the Rum Grumblers, &c.

IV

IV.

Some *Grumblers* poſſeſs'd of more Money than Senſe,
Complain of the Land-Tax, the War and Expence,
That *Conqueſt brings ruin*—they plead for Defence.
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

V.

The poor People grumble about the Strong Beer,
Our Soldiers and Sailors too grumble for Fear,
Of loſing the *Dollars*—they hope to bring here.
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

VI.

The *Pittamites* grumble at *Hogarth*'s new Print,
With Countenance crabbed, they jkſt take a Squint,
And ſwear from * *John Bull*—he has pilfer'd the Hint.
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

VII.

Old *Formal* exclaims thus againſt the Q—n's A—,
"What pity the Author unpuniſh'd ſhould paſs?"
"Let them grumble, cries *Hal*—while I add to the
Maſs."
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

* *John Bull*'s Houſe in Flames.

VIII.

Thus grumbling and growling from Morning till Night
The Nation remains in a terrible Plight;
For Grumbling will never—ſet Matters to right.
O the rum Grumblers, &c.

IX.

Then let us not into ſuch ſtrange Madneſs fall,
And loudly for *Peace*, and no *Peace* rave and bawl;
But pray for a Good One—or elſe none at all.
O the rum Grumblers of England!
And O ye Old Engliſh Grumblers!

EPIGRAM.

A Wight, in the Craft, unexperienc'd I doubt,
Drew a tight flimſy Boot on a Leg ſtrong and ſtout;
The Boot pinch'd—the Leg ſwell'd—till to end the Diſpute,
By Efforts repeated, the Leg burſt the Boot.

Britons, ne'er fear, a good Peace you can't fail,
Since to the *Lion*'s Skin you tie the *Fox*'s Tail.

The ADDRESS, *of the* CITY *of* LONDON, *on*
the P———s *of* PEACE.

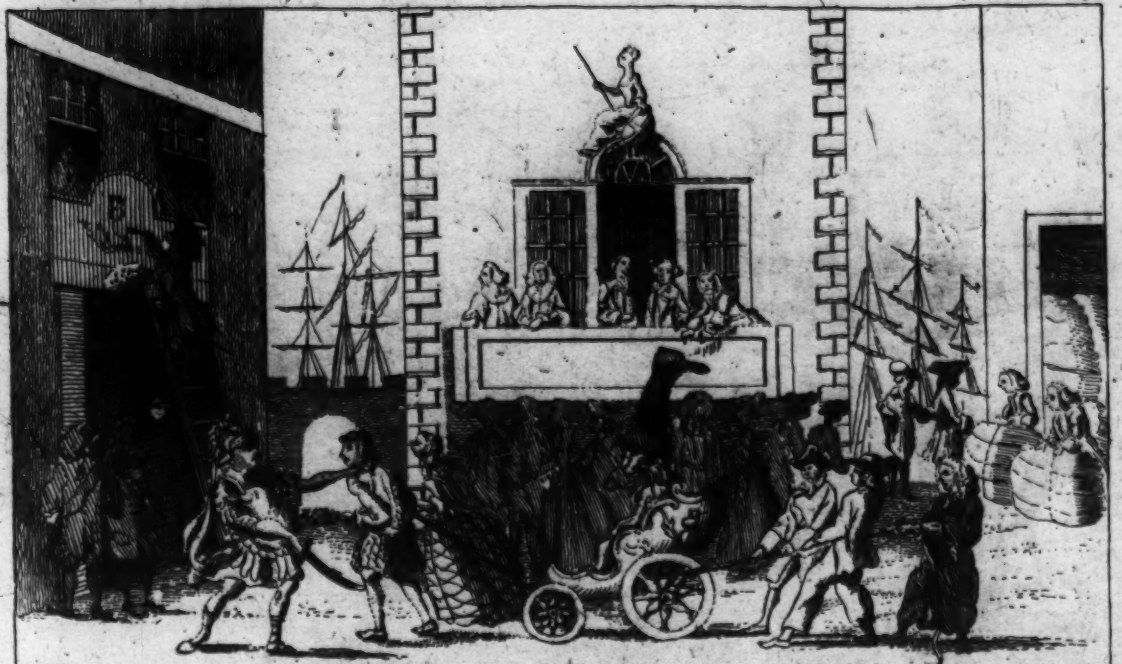
The Triple Compact or Britanias ruin

BRITISH
8 DE 73
MUSEUM

Great people like small ones will have their own Spirit
And ye offence is nothing twixt City & Court
How wisely do ye little Souls in high Station
Are weighing themselves to outweigh a whole Nation

But as Daily observers would they be after Thinking
While they weigh up their Country themselves are sinking
Take heed then ye great ones nor thrive gainst the Small
For ye moment they drop your own Grandeur must Fall

BRITISH
8 DE73
MUSEUM



a Wonderfull Sight or the Go-Cart

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8 DE 73
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A Wonderfull Sight or the Goblin

BRITISH
8 DEC 73
MUSEUM

MULTUM in PARVO or A New Card For a SCOTCH COURTIER

One Medley has a Meaning & no doubt – But you have Sense enough to find it out

Price Six Pence

BRITISH
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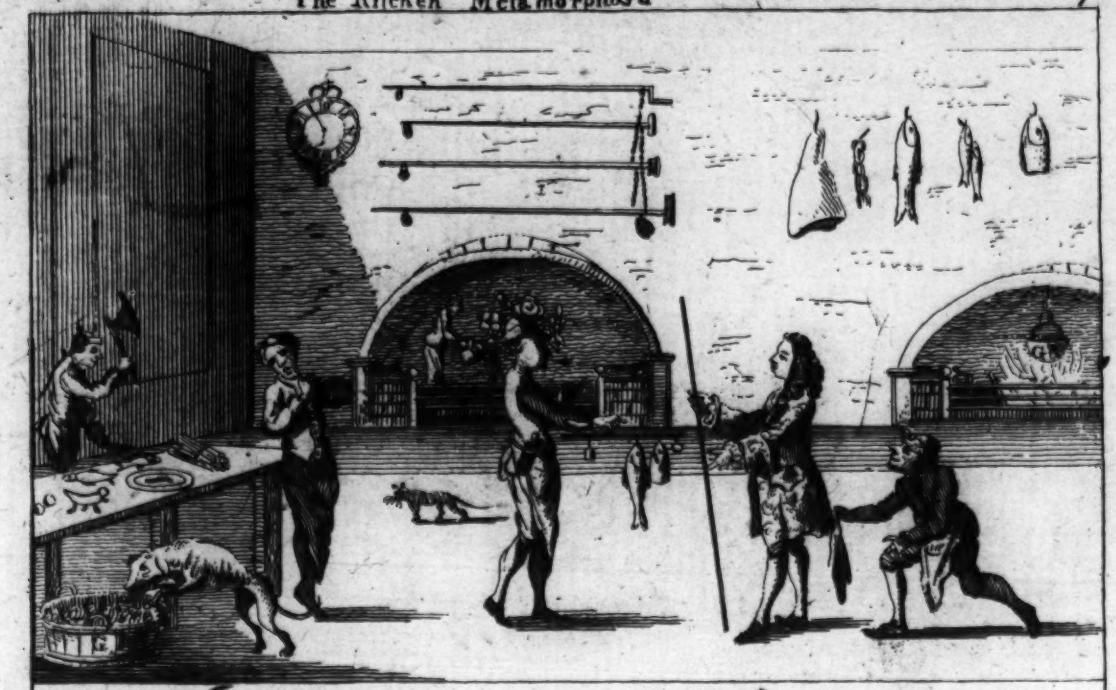
Here lies Honour, no-He Lies that ever s aid twas so
How are the Mighty Fallin

BRITISH
8 DE 73
MUSEUM

The Lyon entranced
...Jam Talia Frando Interpret a Jactrimis

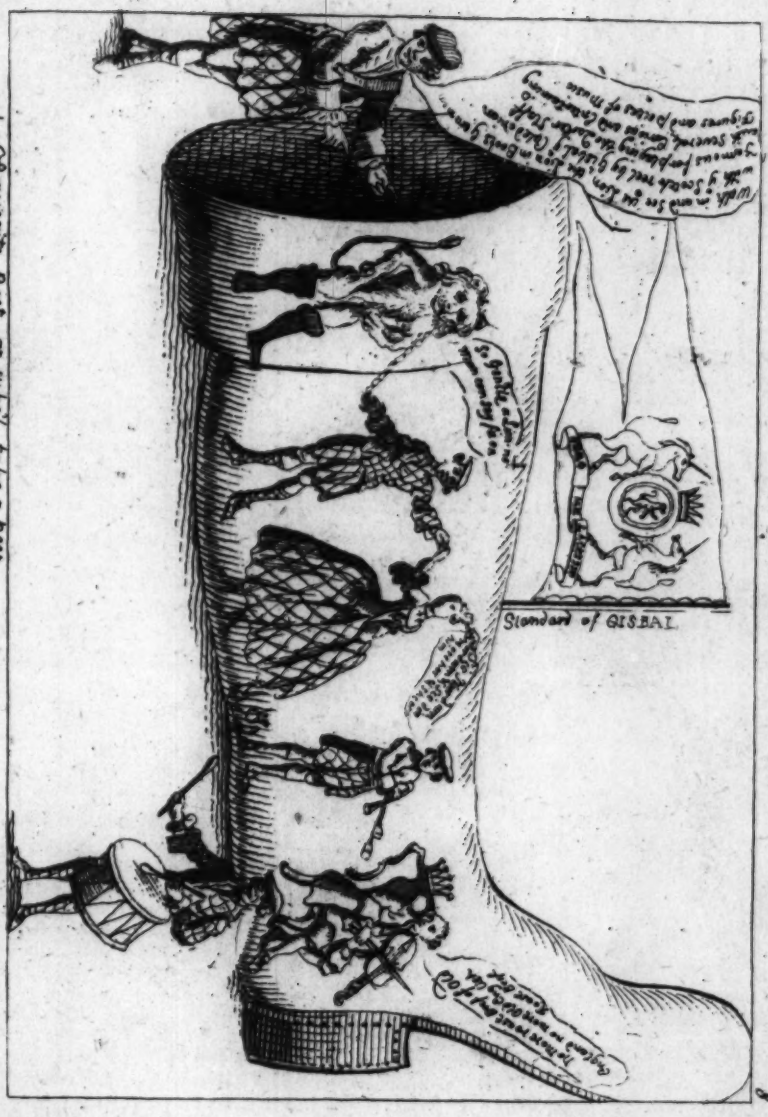
BRITISH
8 DE 73
MUSEUM



If you ask why I smoak says y^e^ Cook lett me tell ye
'tis to Close up the Orifice I^t^ in my Belly
Grimalkin declares all the P—ce around
Not a Mouse thank your Lordship is ere to be
Found

By this Wand I declare y^e^ Declare it a g ain
That no one shall ask or shall Dare to Complain
and if Dish-Clouts for ever are pond to my Tail
Ill visit the Kitchen y^e^ be at the Scale

BRITISH
8 DE 73
MUSEUM



The Favorite Boot or who'l take a peep

BRITISH
8 DE 73
MUSEUM

The Laird of the posts or the Exaltation of ye Bonnetts

BRITISH
8 DE73
MUSEUM

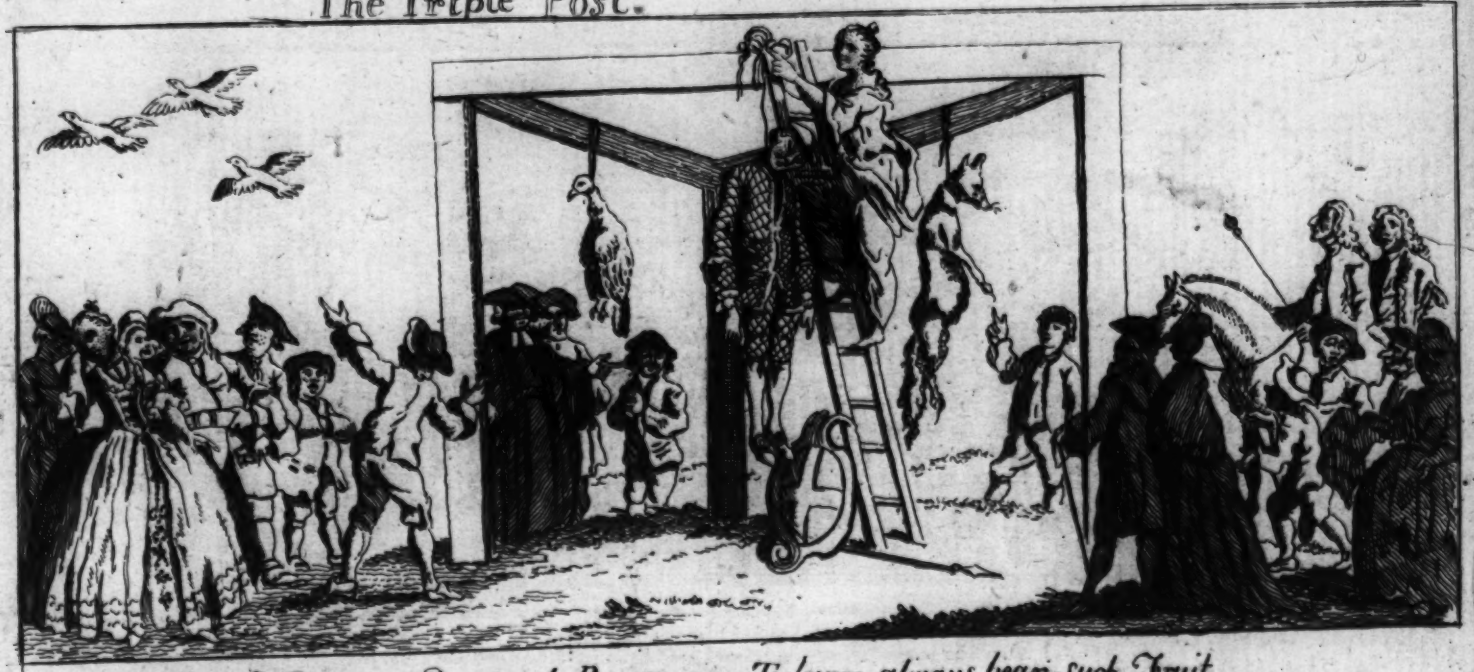
The Loaded Boot or Scotch Preferment in Motion or Monsieur will you ride

BRITISH
8 DE 73
MUSEUM

The Highest Post

See Britons STUARD turnd away And STUART SCOT now bearing Sway

BRITISH
18 DE 73
MUSEUM



See FOX and GOOSE and ☞ to BOOT may Tyburn always bear such Fruit

BRITISH
8 DE 73
MUSEUM

John Bulls house in flames to inform it this enemy

BRITISH
8 DE 73
MUSEUM

The Loaded Zebra or The Scotch Paperie Pedler

BRITISH
8 DEC 73
MUSEUM

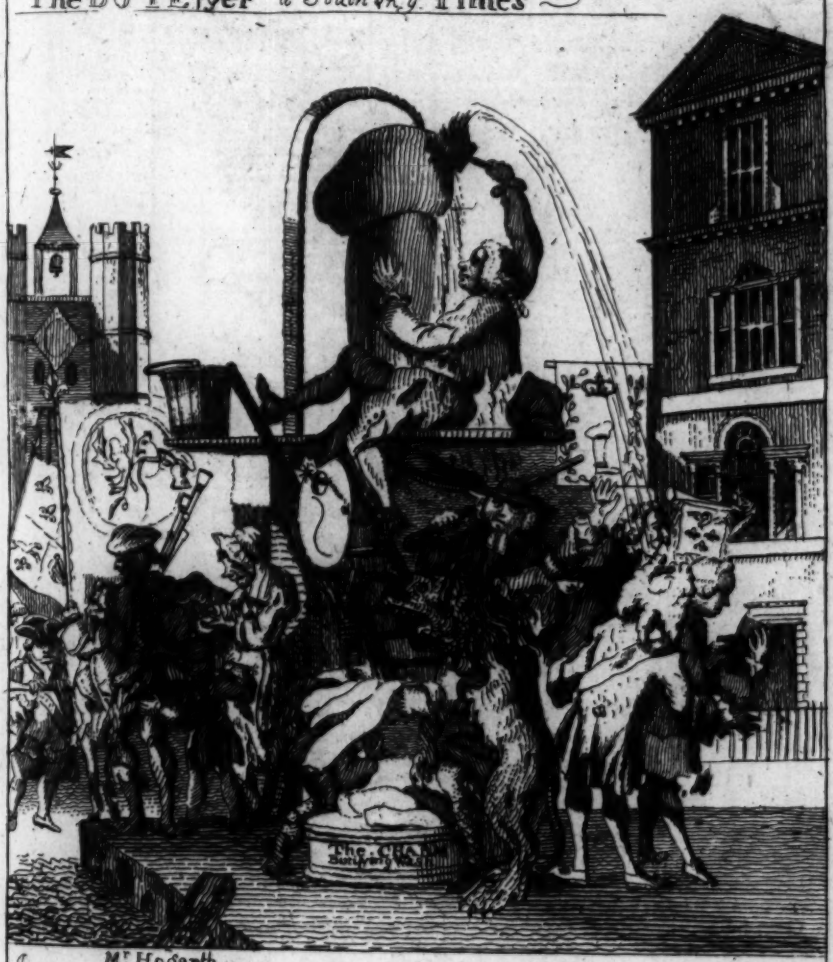
The political Cramers

Britania tormented wth Discord & Strife
and almost in Danger of losing her Life
A Cunning State Quack who first took his degrees
On the Banks of the Tweed gravely offers his ease.
Dear Ma'am if you'll patiently take my Advice
I'll cure you with Balsam of Peace on a Trice

A P—r from whose Brain never Sprung one Clear Notion
Is fixed on as fitting to cram down the Potion
While P—t that true Patriot & Brave Soldier Will
Are boldly resolving to save her from ill
Shun ah of these Quacks poor Britania beware
Unskilld in deceit you perceive not y^e Snare

BRITISH
8 DE 73
MUSEUM

The BUTE fyer a Touch on y^e Times



Mr Hogarth.

In Justice to the Engraver of this plate Declares to the Public he took the Hint of the Butefyer from a Print of Mr Pope Whitewashing Lord Burlingtons Gate at the same time Despatching the rest of the Nobility

BRITISH
8 DE 76
MUSEUM

our Friends a' Something new
Wee'l present them with a View
to add that if they look it o're
The like they never see before

A Lord just raisd to high estate
Upon hims of Ithes Affairs of State
Yea see Cis plain y' Marble Man
Has sent for all his Trotty Clan

A Ship already is prepard
To Convey them unto their Land
Which for them does Roast prowide
Instead of these he's stand aside

But first we'll have a rough dispute
Wi' Lairdy Saddies of the Boot
Well drive them back y make em play
Ov the Hills y far away

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The Voyage ore, The Northern Band
wre now arivd in Money Land
Straightway they all ye nuible cast
Unto their mighty Men repair

Do but obserue ye hungry Crew
Dor places posts ye pensions Sue
Which he to them Does freely give
That they in Wealth ye pride may liue

Their Bellys full ye purse dreast
They Show themselues in all their best
While Englishmen are all turnd out
To Please ye Laddys of the Boot

Now if such things are Suffered here
Theyl still driue on in full Career
Then what must we expect to be
While Laird Laddys go Scott free

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The Northern Dancing Master or Windsor Minuit For 1762

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Doct. ye Doctum Lorry, but am ye Lorry Lads fra the North o Tweed mat haste, Yeyme to me & Illgive ye relief in the Golden
the Gold on Stick
& rattle into ye
mi face my Mouth Pleass in ye Lord where I com
Doct. Ye Doctum Lorry, but am ye Lorry Lads fra the North o Tweed mat haste, Yeyme to me & Illgive ye relief in the Golden
I think I have cured ye Lot & more I may ye Lues never free from ye ofter 16th while I live on ye North but having a good Receipt to depend on,
Doct. Ye Doctum Lorry, but am ye Lorry Lads fra the North o Tweed mat haste, Yeyme to me & Illgive ye relief in the Golden
Gad & that a One By my Sayl Lad Yes ye ant rested about ye Town my Lucd Sirs Soon found a passage Through Wilks which brought
Doct. Ye Doctum Lorry, but am ye Lorry Lads fra the North o Tweed mat haste, Yeyme to me & Illgive ye relief in the Golden
me out of Confirmed Doctor Sir how do
Lads Across the Golden Lozenge & prof and
Com ye All make ye hast of ye heads and
turn out Boots Southern Lions

The ——— Quack

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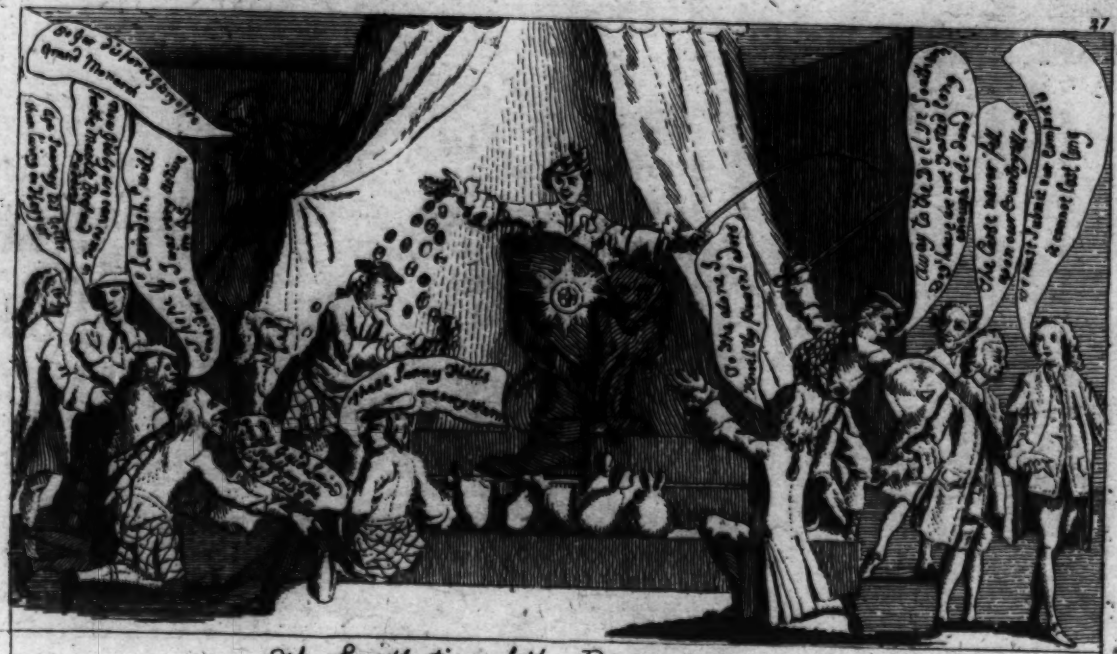

The Exaltation of the BOOT

A Fine Exaltation! ye Britons behold,
How Jawney profusely here Squanders y Gold

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Sanney Mackensies *Modest request tura the Southerns*

Cock fat Lugged Loon who dwells in this Town
I beg youll give upy^r Dominions
And Gang to the North past the River of Forth
And feed upon Crody & Onions

It will do muckle guid twil sweeten yi^r Blood
And make you as lightras a feather
Give ye feeling a Twitch when your pricked up y^r Itch
By Ligging in beds made of Heather

In History we're told King Jamie of Old
To his Reason who dare to object
To Scrotch Day & Night took Muckel delight
And Swan was a guid for a Subject

Yet we Promise ye thing which so pleased ye King
To gang from y^r Wives & y^r Daughters
For our Laddies in Town must make all their Own
So Prythe gang Sous to new Quarters

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Emblem of France
Emblem of England
Tell mee a Stop to this Strife and Scotch
Shame & not Loyalty & Honor can
Keep Peace betwixt both
Dieu et mon droit
Dum Spiro Spero
Dum Spiro Spero
Dieu et mon droit

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The Flying Machine From Edenburgh in One Day,
performd by Moggy Mackenzie at ye Thistle and Crown

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The Blockhead and Boot

Of all ye Fools that pride can least
A Blockhead claims Distinction most
But all are Fools of low Condition
Compard with Blockheads of Ambition
Ay those puffd up with Flatery dare
Assume a Nations vanous Care

In this wide Sphere a Blockheads Shew
In other Realms beside his own
He gives Ambassadors their Cue
His Cobbld Treaties to renew
He never Suspects his want of Skill
But Blunders on from ill to ill

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